

# The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the  
Blood-Boils of Society, Church  
and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

James Larkin Pearson - - - Editor  
BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

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**THE FOOL-KILLER,**  
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

## Let Us Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is  
The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?  
If you like it you can get more at  
headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-  
seventh cousin to any other paper on  
earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its  
field is as broad as the English  
language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle,  
collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.  
I am the fellow who works at the  
saw-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of,  
but I have read a great deal, and  
have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer,  
just to quiet my nerves and to keep  
the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded  
hills there will go forth each month  
a bundle of literary dynamite that  
will shake the rotten foundations of  
society and cause the church of  
Mammon to at least turn over in its  
sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mus-  
tard plaster for the blood-boils of  
Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker  
dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a straddle without  
a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with  
humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and  
every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not  
subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you  
are wise you will, and that settles it.

**JAMES LARKIN PEARSON**  
Boomer, N. C.

## STATEMENT

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(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me  
this 1st day of Oct., 1922.

Mattie F. Greer, P. M.  
My commission expires 1923

## PARAGRAPHS.

The money the other fellow  
has is capital. Getting it away  
from him is labor.

History is an effort to explain  
in books how one fight after an-  
other got started.

Family skeletons used to be  
kept in the closet. Now they  
print them in the papers.

The peace of Europe is not of  
as much interest to the Turk  
as a piece of Europe.

Looks like we ought to have  
a warm winter this time, after  
so much hot air has been turned  
loose in the country.

If you can't strike the iron  
while it is hot, the next best  
thing is to strike it so hard and  
so fast that you'll make it hot.

A fellow told his girl that she  
was the very breath of his life,  
and then she told him to please  
hold his breath.

Old Satan has only got a few  
more years here on this earth,  
but he certainly is putting in  
good time while he does stay.

Hereafter, if the voting ma-  
chine doesn't run right, the  
female voter can fix it with a  
hair-pin.

If sleeping out of doors will  
produce beauty, I know (some  
folks who ought to sleep out  
about twelve nights a week.

I suppose Henry Cabot Lodge  
must feel sorter like the black  
unwashed sinner who just DID  
escape going to hell. But he  
got his whiskers singed, all  
right.

It is said that five thousand  
cigarettes are lighted in the  
United States every second. How  
lucky it is that all that stink  
ain't at once place! But as the  
smell goes floating up toward  
heaven, I wouldn't be surpris-  
ed if God and the angels have  
to hold their noses.

There was going to be a great  
junking of battleships in this  
country. There was going to  
be real progress toward disarm-  
ament. But what are the facts?  
Why, bless you, they have junk-  
ed three or four old tubs that  
would have been junked anyhow,  
and there is now a great cry for  
a bigger navy. So much for  
the promises! Oh, how much  
longer will it take us to learn a  
little sense?

The Democrats are always out-  
lining "center-cut, out-spoken,  
militant policies" when they are  
out of office. And so are the  
Republicans. But they neither  
one do anything when they get  
in. That's the devil of it. If  
all the great and good things  
that the politicians PROMISE  
us were actually delivered—oh,  
boy; Heaven wouldn't be in it at  
all. But they are never deliver-  
ed. Please remember that.

## FLOP! FLOP! FLOP!

This has got to be a regular  
"flopping" old nation. At one  
election it flops one way, and  
then at the next election it flops  
right back where it was before.  
Nobody knows just who does it,  
nor why, but it seems that ev-  
erybody helps to do it, and then  
everybody gets mad because  
it wasn't done different.

Talk about fools! If you can  
find a bigger fool than the great  
American voter I want to get his  
name and address, please.

Two years ago this fool nation  
flopped over on the Republican  
roosting pole. But the roost-  
ing on that pole wasn't as easy  
as the old flopper had expected.  
The Republican pole was crook-  
ed and wobbly and full of knots  
and splinters, and didn't smell  
much good, nohow. So now the  
flopper has got tired of roosting  
on that pole and has tried to  
flop back, this time falling on  
its back sorter under the Demo-  
cratic roost, and it will now have  
to lie there with its legs stick-  
ing up and smell both of the  
stinking old parties.

Sarn-taked if it don't get  
wuss and wuss. Just a few more  
flops and the great American  
flopper will be out of its mis-  
ery.

## MONKEY OR MUD?

There is no longer any doubt  
about it—the Evolution question  
is getting the popular churches  
all het up. If this keeps up we  
are liable to know pretty soon  
whether we evolved from mon-  
keys or not. They have got it  
to where it must be settled one  
way or the other.

It isn't any longer a fight be-  
tween a united church and the  
Darwinites outside of the  
church. It is a fight altogether  
inside of a divided church. Near-  
ly all the educated preachers and  
laymen take the monkey side,  
while the uneducated masses  
take the mud side. It is a fight  
to the finish between the Fun-  
damentalists and the Scientists,  
and if they don't split all their  
churches as wide open as a boot  
jack it will be a wonder to me.

It is a plain case that the  
monkey people are not going to  
sacrifice their monkey on the  
altar of church unity. It is  
equally certain that the mud  
people are not going to give up  
their mud. So there is no more  
chance to harmonize the two fac-  
tions than there is to mix oil  
and water. You have just got  
to take one side and let the oth-  
er side go. Or else you have got  
to stand off a safe distance and  
watch the fight.

But I have been thinking some-  
thing like this: Why not let  
each feller have the ancestor he  
prefers? If it pleases a man bet-  
ter to believe that he is the son  
of an ape, why, let's not deprive  
him of the pleasure. On the  
other hand, if a man can get  
more peace and satisfaction out  
of believing that his grandpap  
was a mud pie, then let him go  
to it. Folks get little enough en-

joyment out of life, anyhow, and  
we ought not to cheat them out  
of that little by raising a fuss  
about their ancestors.

Maybe some folks were made  
out of mud and others out of  
Monkeys. I don't doubt that  
God is able to use both materials.  
I don't doubt that God could  
have made man out of a pumpkin  
seed if He had wanted to. And  
some men are so sorry that I  
often think they must have been  
made out of a seed-tick or a  
louse.

## THE DISHRAG

Now I'll bet you think that's  
a dickens of a subject to write  
about. Maybe so, but you must  
remember that it often depends  
more on the writer than it does  
on the subject. A bang-up writ-  
er can take the bummiest sort  
of a subject and write a pretty  
passable yarn about it, while one  
of these jack-leg scribblers could  
take Heaven for a subject and  
make the angels weep.

When I was a little bare-foot-  
ed rascal about the size of a  
fat man's fist, I used to be the  
dish-washer at mammy's house.  
I used to line up the dirty dishes  
in battle array, giving each of  
them a knife and fork to fight  
with, and then I would charge  
at them with a wet dishrag and  
win a great victory. The greasy  
memory of those dish-washing  
days sticks to my brain like dis-  
ease germs to a fly's foot or the  
odor of onions to boarding-  
house hash.

At the old field school we used  
to have debates on "The Dish-  
rag and the Broom," and I was  
always on the side of my old  
friend, the dishrag. Some of  
my greatest orations were deliv-  
ered in defense of that faithful  
friend of the kitchen mechanic.

The dishrag is a wonderful  
invention. History is strangely  
silent as to the name of the in-  
ventor, but we know it to be of  
very ancient origin. The dish-  
rag must have been invented  
about five or six thousand years  
before the woods were burnt. It  
was old and gray-headed when  
the Atlantic ocean was just a  
little puddle, and they used the  
ocean for a dish-pan.

The ancients were well acqu-  
ainted with this well-known  
weapon of kitchen warfare, and  
their sweet sixteens could play  
"Dixie Doodle" on an old greasy  
plate to beat the band. Many  
of the most classic dishrags that  
we have any account of were of  
Greek and Roman architecture.

The dishrag! Look at it as  
it hangs there behind the stove,  
and try to imagine how the  
world would have gotten on  
without it. How faithfully and  
uncomplainingly it has served  
mankind, and yet the poor thing  
has been treated worse than a  
dog. It has had to be content  
with nuzzling over the empty  
dishes after the greedy board-  
ers had gobbled up everything.  
And this is the first time it has  
ever had its biography written.